

Menu 302

Chapter 302: I Want to Control Myself

With decision, comes action.

Jason lifted his hand and tore the rotten cloth from Walker's mouth.

"I have information on other ingredients!"

The moment the rotten cloth was pulled from Walker's mouth, this 'Food Traitor' trained by the 'Ghost Squad' blurted out instinctively.

Swift and precise.

Because it was all too familiar with Jason's eyes.

It had seen that same look when hungry.

Not to mention the constant growling of the stomach and the gulping of saliva.

All of these were reminding it.

The other party was truly going to eat it.

As a qualified 'Food Traitor,' it immediately knew what to do.

After all, this wasn't its first time seeing such a person.

There was that doctor before, polite and courteous, it had observed from the side.

Then there was an arrogant madman, not quite as friendly, who would gut some shells for questionable 'ingredients.'

But the one in front of it now was different from the two it had encountered before.

This one was quite 'simple.'

Yes, simple.

No complicated emotions.

Just plain hunger.

I want to eat you.

But the more simple it was, the more terrifying Walker found the situation.

Because such simplicity was hard to shake.

It wasn't entangled in interests, nor was there any choice to make, it was like a weight on a scale, unwavering.

Unless...

you satisfied its needs.

And that was exactly what Walker intended to do.

It didn't have any other choice.

It didn't want to be eaten.

It wanted to live.

The human world was just too wonderful.

A countless number of fears.

Deliciousness twisting like wine.

Every sip made it forget everything.

So, it didn't want to die yet.

For this, it had already done some things that damaged its 'dignity.'

More?

It naturally didn't care anymore.

Then, it saw Jason's fist pause.

Instantly, the 'Food Traitor' let out a sigh of relief.

Jason, however, held his breath, focusing intently.

The hunger was still spreading, but as soon as Walker's words left his mouth, Jason's reason came online instantly.

Is it more satisfying to eat one piece of food or a bunch?

Is there even a choice?

Of course, it's to eat them all.

However, there can be an order.

"Speak."

Jason suppressed his hunger and said sternly.

“I hope you can swear on your honor, or on someone or something you respect.”

“Otherwise, even if you eat me, I will not tell you.”

“I just want to survive...”

Walker started off with righteous words, then looked at Jason with a pleading gaze.

But Jason’s breath became dangerous in an instant.

He glared at Walker.

He didn’t like plans being disrupted.

He didn’t like his food being parceled out.

Most importantly, as soon as Walker spoke those words, Jason’s suppressed hunger once again overpowered his reason in an instant, and he turned to pick up the bottle of wine beside him.

Then—

Bang!

Jason raised his fist and landed a punch.

It struck precisely in the stomach.

Jason, with his experience of handling Elf creatures, as the shell began to vomit and the Elf struggled out of the vomitus, snatched it up and immediately started rinsing it with wine.

The Elf, being washed with the wine, was utterly dumbfounded.

I just made a request, and you're really going to eat me?

Aren't you willing to ask one more question?

If you disagree, we can negotiate!

The Elf wailed inwardly.

Then, it exerted the last of its strength to control its shell.

“On Fishbone Street...”

The husk was speaking, but the words vanished before they were fully spoken.

The Pusac Elf had been consumed by Jason.

Just like the taste in his memory.

Slippery, and cool.

The sweetness, however, was somewhat richer.

And even more appetizing.

Moreover, it wasn't just the taste that was satisfactory, the satiety increased by an extra 3 points compared to before.

[Consumed 'Pusac Elf'!]

[Physical Strength, Vigor (injuries) maximally recovered!]

[Satiety +15]

[Satiety: 61]

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As the nourishment from the food in his stomach began to spread, Jason's reason came online once again.

Where's my 'Food Traitor'?

How did I just eat it?

Did I perform a ritual?

Indeed, all that talk about rituals is deceptive; a full belly is all that's real.

Did it just mention Fishbone Street?

Jason recalled.

He didn't need to remember too hard, as the events that had just transpired came instantly to mind.

No helping it, it was too delicious.

The deliciousness engraved the memory deeply.

Similarly, such vivid memory made Jason's stomach, which had only just felt somewhat full, once again growl with hunger.

"Fishbone Street, Fishbone Street!"

Jason muttered under his breath.

He couldn't wait to have another meal.

However, he hadn't forgotten to search.

It didn't take much to thoroughly search the whole room before Jason saw a military radio, obscured by a black curtain.

Jason wasn't familiar with radios.

He just checked that there wasn't any 'mysterious knowledge' on it and then turned to walk outside.

He needed a professional.

Conveniently, Edward and little Bansey were just the people for the job.

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Backstreet alley of Black Pepper Street.

As soon as Jason entered the alley, he saw a car parked by the roadside.

Similarly, the four people in the car also saw Jason.

“Here, mask.”

Little Bansey called out, rolling down the window.

Jason sped up, opened the car door, and squeezed into the back seat. Griffin, sitting on the other side, instantly curled up into a fetal position.

“These back seats are really uncomfortable.”

“If I ever get money, I’m definitely starting a car company.”

“I’m going to make car seats as comfortable as sofas.”

Griffin muttered.

“A car company?”

“If you start a car company, I’ll specialize in researching tires for you.”

“Then, all your cars will use my tires, and I’ll even throw in some leaflets full of ads, right beside each of your sofa-like seats.”

Little Bansey mocked Griffin with a smile.

But as he spoke, a tinge of longing crept into his voice.

“The leaflet could list a lot of gourmet food.”

The female pastry chef added.

The three started going off-topic without realizing it.

Edward looked at Jason, and seeing him nod to signal that all was well, he immediately breathed a sigh of relief.

“Let’s go.”

“Follow the route ‘mask’ suggested.”

Edward spoke.

Little Bansey immediately shut up and started the car as Edward had instructed.

When they arrived at Walker's house, they all instantly noticed the unconscious Walker.

"Is he the 'Ghost Squad's' 'middleman'?"

Edward, little Bansey, and Griffin scrutinized the other party.

His fingers were delicate, obviously never having handled knives, firearms, nor looked like he'd been in a fight; rather, he seemed to have the air of someone well-read.

Could such a person be the 'Ghost Squad's' middleman?

The three were doubtful but trusted Jason nonetheless.

Then, when Jason pulled back the black curtain to reveal the radio, their doubts immediately dissipated.

“Military radio!”

Little Bansey exclaimed.

And before the exclamation had even finished, the radio sounded—

Beep, beep-beep.